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melancholy boon. She came—and the following is a literal translation of the dirge or cione she uttered over her beloved youth. The original words are sung to a melancholy air by the peasantry of Roche's country.

"O! deep despair! O, dreadful doom, to view thee laid low in death, bedewed by the tears of thy wretched Mary. I little thought when I gave thee the vow, that I should send thee to an untimely grave; but heaven beholds I would yield my life to preserve thine.

"We exchanged in mutual love a token, and never shall I break the holy promise. I will prize for ever the sacred pledge that bound me when thy chaste modest arm circled my waist.

"Ye fair maidens whose pearly tears are falling, whose bosoms are melting with generous compassion, ye are sensible that Shemus Oge had many a charm to win me, and warm into love the heart that breaks in my bosom.

"His was the speed of the wild roe of the mountain, the unrivalled blush of the rose, the mildness of the dove, the retiring modesty of the cowslip. Many a virgin sighed for his love.

"Our favourite thorn has heard the vows we plighted, and though artifice has doomed me the bride of another, I shall be thine, pure and undefiled. Though my father basely sold me for gold, I shall fly to thy embrace—no power of earth can restrain me.

"A hated husband—let other arms embrace him—the virgin's bridal bed shall be the grave of her lover. His blest spirit shall hover on the wing, till his betrothed fly to his eternal society.

"Wait, wait awhile! my soul warm sighs to rejoin thee. Our greetings shall be unalloyed in the realms of peace, and our bridal sleep shall know no waking. 'This song of sorrow shall cease, for Shemus Oge calls his beloved—I go! I go!"

Her song of lamentation was hushed; she laid her bosom on that of her lifeless lover, and heaved one deep sigh—it was her last; for when the mourners that attended the corpse sought to remove her, they found her heart and its sorrows hushed in eternal repose.

Fleming would not permit that the remains of his unfortunate daughter should repose in the same grave with Shemus Oge O'Keefe; they rest in the respective burying-places of their families, which were contiguous; and the next spring beheld two trees planted by unknown hand, unite in midway, and form by their intertwining branches the figure called *a true lover's knot*, emblematic of their changeless fidelity in life and death. E. W.

THE WHITEFOOT.

BY A LADY.

'Twas on a drear and stilly night,
When all had sought repose,
When scarce a gleam of cheering light,
Amid the gloom arose,
Young Edward reach'd our lonely home,
Ere forc'd from all he lov'd to roam—
His father land, companions gay,
With whom life's morn swift pass'd away.

How like his heart was that drear night,
There hope had ceas'd to dwell;
Sweet hope, which misery cannot blight,
O'er him you cast no spell.
He seem'd in this wide world as one
Wretched, forsaken, and alone;
For by his rashness were the few
Devoted to him wretched too.

He once had friends, and kindred dear,
Till civil discord's strife
Robb'd him of all he held most dear,
Even his intended wife.
The idol of his soul was she,
Aye, of his very infancy;—
Oh! mad'ning thought, that from his heart
She's sever'd by a villain's art.

Revenge now fill'd the generous heart,
That love so long had sway'd—
He vow'd ere life's last thro' should part,
To avenge his dear, lov'd maid;

Then sought his base false-hearted friend,
And soon of parleying made an end.
In deadly struggle now they met—
He lays him lifeless at his feet.

A haggard wanderer here he stood,
Of wild and reckless mien;
How different in air and mood
From what he late had been!
His bosom heav'd as if the air
In flowing wave were pent up there;
While from his eye a light was cast,
As if his warm soul beam'd its last.

Awhile he stands in silent maze,
Where oft he stood of yore,
As 'twere to take a farewell gaze
Of scenes he'd view no more;
His burning glance then full he cast
On one whose heart was with'ring fast—
A heart that lov'd him far too well
For peace within it now to dwell.

That glance a pardon once entreat,
For ev'ry painful sigh,
Caused by his hapless wayward fate—
Since tears first dim'd her eye.
Ah, me! how many bitter tears
Have dim'd those eyes for three long years—
Will dim them should the feeling still
Remain, their glassy orbs to fill.

He tho' long school'd in deep distress,
Felt now the poignant grief
That will a gentle spirit press
Where hope gives no relief;
He felt a burning feverish glow
That seem'd through his swollen veins to flow;
Tears like a torrent rapid gushed,
And from his once loved home he rushed.

The broad Atlantic's wave soon bore,
From his dear native land,
Young Edward to a distant shore,
Where midst a patriot band,
Two ling'ring years he nobly fought,
And found at length the grave he sought—
For life a burden had become,
His hopes all pointed to the tomb.

Kilkenny, September.

THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE FAIRY.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Would'st thou know what tricks by the pale moonlight
Are played by me, the merry little sprite,
Who wing thro' air, from the camp to the court—
From king to clown, and of all make sport,
Singing, I am the sprite,
Of the merry midnight,

Who laugh at weak mortals, and quaff the moonlight.

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept,
And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept;
Chink, chink, on his pillow, like money I rang
And he wak'd to catch, but away I sprang.

I saw through the leaves in a damsel's bower;
She was waiting her love at that star-light hour
"Hist, hist! quoth I, with an amorous sigh,
And she flew to the door, but away flew I.

While a bard sat inditing an ode to his love,
Like a pair of blue meteors I stared from above;
And he swoon'd—for he thought 'twas the ghost, poor man
Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
Singing, I am the sprite,
Of the merry midnight,
Who laugh at weak mortals, and quaff the moonlight.

TO OUR READERS.

As we have been informed since the publication of our last Number, that the story of Squire Beanton, which we gave in it, had previously appeared in another periodical in this city, we feel called upon to say, that the author sent the manuscript of the story to us some time ago, with a request that we would publish it; and finding it had merit, but wanted some slight alterations, which we had not then time to make, we allowed it to remain over. The gentleman who forwarded it, has since assured us, that he never sent it to any other person for publication; we therefore presume that the story having been, like many others, often repeated in company, was furnished by another hand, to the miscellany in which it appeared.